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VOL. XI. MAY, 1905 NO. 9.

The JEWISH HOME

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AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE *for the* JEWISH FAMILY AND SCHOOL

489 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

Jewish Chautauqua Society

NINTH SUMMER ASSEMBLY.
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
JULY 9TH TO 30TH, 1905.

Preliminary Announcement (subject to change).

THE WORK OF THE NINTH SUMMER ASSEMBLY WILL BE CONDUCTED IN THE FOLLOWING DEPARTMENTS:

(A) DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS PEDAGOGY.

(B) DEPARTMENT OF CHAUTAUQUA COURSES IN JEWISH EDUCATION.

(C) DEPARTMENT OF POPULAR CONFERENCES.

(D) DEPARTMENT OF APPLIED PHILANTHROPY.

(E) DEPARTMENT OF POPULAR LECTURES AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

(*a*) *Department of Religious Pedagogy.*

The Committee organized to work out the practical Curriculum for Religious Schools, applying the results of the papers and discussions, presented at the previous assemblies, will submit the outcome of its labors. This Committee consists of Rev. Dr. Henry Berkowitz, Chairman; Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, of Philadelphia; Rabbi Edward N. Calisch, Richmond; Rabbi Abram Simon, Washington; Rabbi William Rosenau, Baltimore; Rabbi Eli Mayer, Philadelphia, and Rabbi Henry M. Fisher, Atlantic City, N. J.

Five Illustrative Lessons will be given by experienced teachers of Religious Schools to classes of children of various grades. The teachers observe and then enter into a discussion of subject, method, etc.

Educational Conference of Rabbis, Teachers, Parents and Directors of Religious Schools, for the discussion of practical questions on co-operation in the child's development.

Round Table Discussions by teachers for the informal exchange of experiences.

Parents' Meetings.

Classes in the study of the Hebrew language, such as have been successfully conducted during the past five years.

Exhibit of Appliances and Materials for use in Religious Schools. This will include books, maps, charts, pictures, slides and all the ceremonial objects used in Jewish life. The proper and helpful method of utilizing these in connection with the religious instruction will be a special theme. This Exhibit is to be loaned after the Assembly to various Conventions and schools in the order of application.

(*b*) *Department of Chautauqua Courses in Jewish Education.*

This department will present during the coming Summer a series of biographical, historical and geographical

addresses for instruction in Jewish History. The present year having marked the seventh Centenary of the death of Moses Maimonides, the greatest of Jewish philosophers, a consideration of his life and times will be appropriately offered. This Summer also marks the Eighth Centenary of the death of Rashi (Rabbi Solomon ben Isaac), the greatest of Jewish commentators. The Chautauqua will be the first Jewish organization to celebrate this Anniversary. Interesting studies in the progress of Jewish History from the geographical standpoint will be presented.

(*c*) *Department of Popular Conferences.*

It is proposed to hold Popular Conferences and Discussions as follows:

"The Stage as a Moral Force"—to be participated in by some of the most prominent men and women in the dramatic profession.

"Problems of Jewish Life as Presented in Fiction and Drama"—Authors' Day. This Conference will be conducted by a number of leading authors of the day.

"The Practical Possibilities of the Peace Movement." The intense interest excited by the meeting of the International Peace Congress, and the impulse given through the efforts of President Roosevelt towards promoting the work of arbitration, and the re-convening of the Hague Tribunal, make this a most timely theme. Some of the leaders in that sphere of effort will participate.

(*d*) *Department of Applied Philanthropy.*

Attention will be devoted this season to the consideration of the most important Sociological problems commanding the attention of the country at the present time. Foremost among these is that phase of the Labor problem known as "The Open or Closed Shop." Leading exponents of both sides of this question will elucidate the same.

"The Child Labor Problem" is commanding most serious attention throughout the country and has recently been made an issue in various cities. "The National Child Labor Committee" is conducting a remarkable campaign of education on this subject. Some of its leading members will present this important matter at the Assembly.

(*e*) *Department of Popular Lectures and Entertainments.*

Men of national and international repute will be presented on the Assembly platform this year. Definite announcements will follow in due time.

Applications for the Prospectus of the detailed program of the Assembly will be received. The same are sent gratuitously on application to P. O. Box 825, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Jewish Home

FORMERLY "HELPFUL THOUGHTS"

An Illustrated Magazine for the Jewish Family and School

Vol. XI May, 1905 No. 9

CONTENTS

THE IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS. By Dr. Liebman Adler.....261
GRANDMA FLORA'S STORIES FOR CHILDREN. By Flora Spiegelberg.
How Ethel Earned the Money to Buy her Mamma's Sewing Basket...264
GRANDMOTHER'S TWILIGHT STORIES. By Edna F. Dessar.....265
WAY DOGGIES HAVE COLD NOSES. By Uncle Birnbaum.....266
HILLEL AND SHAMMAI. From the German of Dr. M. Jost.....272
POEM—LIFE'S SONG. By Julia E. Abbott.....272
THE CHOICE OF PEARLS. From the Arabic of Ibn Gabirol.....274
MY FIRST BASE-BALL GAME. By J. B. Abrahams.....278
TALMUDIC TALES.....281
The Aged Planter and Hadrian.
The Same Things No Longer the Same, Under Altered Circumstances.
THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.....282
SOME HELPFUL THOUGHTS.....283
IN LIGHTER VEIN.....285

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The Jewish Home

VOL. XI. MAY, 1905 NO. 9

The Importance of Little Things

"No human being, no hour in life, no moral action is without significance."

By DR. LIEBMAN ADLER.

The world's history, and, as part of it, the fate of the individual, lie before us, dark and impenetratble as the mighty ocean. The sea rolls majestically before our eyes, terrifying us with its mighty waves and billows, its restless tossing and raging. And yet, what our eye can take in is merely a drop in comparison with the vast stretch of waters, and even this drop covers, as with a cloak, the secrets of the awful deep.

We raise our eyes to the firmament; our vision scans immeasurable distances. When the eye is tired out with gazing, not only the eye of the average man, but also the well-protected organ of the most skillful astronomer and the boldest thinker—it drops, and man must acknowledge to himself: "My vision can penetrate only the least part of that which is on high; I can comprehend only the smallest section of what I have seen, and that which my understanding can master—what does it signify in the plan of the Architect of the universe?" The vast design is entirely concealed from us. So with our insight into the mysteriously woven fate of mankind and the individual.

The number of events chronicled by history, compared with the vast sum of past occurrences, is as the limited horizon of man in comparison with the whole universe. Only an insignificant number of events is observed at all; the majority receives scarcely any notice, and is forgotten, and that which is observed, noted, and made a part of history is not understood in its relation to the whole. As in the world's history, so also in the life-history of every individual. If a man, at the age of seventy, were to take an inventory of his memory, noting all the clear recollections of his past life—how soon would his task be finished! How insignificant would be the sum thus obtained! Of an inconsiderable number of his experiences as compared with the sum total, has he taken cognizance; of this number, only the smallest portion has been im-

pressed upon him; most of these impressions he has forgotten, and of that which finally remains fastened in his memory, he fails to understand the purpose, and what its relation to the whole. It is true, he can tell what he considered pleasant and what unpleasant events, what sad days and what joyful ones, but it may be that the unpleasant experiences were a source of blessing to him, while the pleasant ones were harmful in their consequences.

In the life of Joseph and his family, the Scriptures show how marvellously a man's life, contrary to his own actions and desires, he, indeed unconscious thereof, may shape itse'f in a given way. The story further illustrates how the most trivial action, even of an insignificant man in an obscure corner of the earth, may continue to affect the destinies of others in the most distant future, unto the latest generations.

Who can say that he is not a Joseph in his own way? Or that each one of his actions does not play a part in the lives of others; that its influence is not felt in ever-widening circles? In the life of Joseph, the Scriptures unveil for us the life of a single man. How many pass through life without solving the riddle of their own fate, and of their influence upon the lot of other men?

No human existence is without significance, no hour in life is unimportant, no moral action is a matter of indifference. "There is nothing without its appropriate place, no man without his opportunity." Originally, Joseph was an unimportant personage for the world at large, a mere shepherd lad, running about with his brothers in the fields of Mesopotamia. Despite his humble beginnings, however, he, in the end, not only shaped the destinies of the house of Israel, but also impressed his personality upon the development of distant, mighty Egypt. Truly the life of every individual is of significance in the plan of the universe. Do not estimate any man as of too little worth to be either useful or harmful to thee. It is true, not every stone the builder rejects becomes the chief cornerstone, but for each one the Creator has provided a place in the great world-structure. The smallest may be a stumbling-block placed in thy path for weal or for woe. Do not force thyself upon the great ones of the earth, nor be too anxious about their favor or displeasure, as if they, alone, could bring blessing or curse upon thee. Had it not been for Pharaoh's dreams, the chief butler, powerful though he was, would have allowed Joseph, forgotten of all, to perish in prison. As far as our fate is governed by outward circumstances, it follows its own rules, to which both great and small must submit.

Neither underestimate thine own value, thinking, "Nothing of all this concerns *me*. I am too insignificant; I can lend no aid in the world's work." In this sense, no creature on God's earth is insignificant, or exists for itself alone. To be of use in the world, one need be no philosopher, rich in wisdom, nor hold sacks of gold in his

grasp, nor boast an arm of iron. Man, thou art an instrument in the hand of Providence! Look to it that when thy hour of usefulness comes, thy edge be not dulled nor rusty.

Neither is any moral action a matter of indifference. Thy action, thy speech, thy omissions, and thy silence are either good or not good, and the actions that seem a matter of indifference—why, this very thinking that an action can be indifferent is one of the things that are *not* good. It is wrong to act thoughtlessly. To relate a dream, or to remark in a conversation that a certain person has done a certain thing, is considered a perfectly harmless proceeding. Thus Joseph must have thought about his own childish prattle. Jacob probably also considered it morally indifferent, whether his son was clad in silk or in linen. And yet how important were these things in deciding the fate of a large family and of an entire kingdom! No word falls upon barren soil; no action is lost in the sands of time. From it may spring a tree of life, or through you and others like you, it may bring forth thorns and thistles.

Our text furthermore teaches us that we lack the insight to determine which of our experiences are truly good, and which are bad. We can discriminate only between pleasant and unpleasant experiences, for what is agreeable to us and what is good for us are not always united, nor is the disagreeable in every case evil. How often a few days of joy, of pleasure, are followed by many days of sadness! Frequently, after gratification comes deep regret, serene happiness follows close upon bitter affliction, and after pain may come blessing. Joseph's brothers thought that, by selling him, they had rid themselves forever of the troublesome boy. This was *pleasant,* but not *good* for them How frequently must they have felt bitter remorse for the unkind deed! Their hearts must have been pierced as with knives, when they saw their father sinking under the burden of his grief. Twenty-two years after the deed, we hear them, in their distress, breaking out into lamentations, "Truly, we are guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us."

So fared it with the brothers. To Joseph, on the other hand, the treatment that he received at his brothers' hands was anything but agreeable; but it was merely unpleasant, it was not evil. His way into the light lay through dark night. In order to rule, he had first to be a slave. The bottom of the pit was for him the first step of the throne. His suffering was the salvation of his family. Whatever is ordained by God, whatever is ordered as our lot, may be unpleasant, bitter, deeply painful, but it is never evil. Nothing *evil* can proceed from the hand of God. Let us, then, not be too extravagant in our delight in a pleasant experience, nor entirely cast down by grief when trouble comes upon us; we know not the end of which Providence has sent the joy of the trial. Neither be too indignant

against him that has wounded thee by word or deed, and has injured thy worldly prosperity. It may be that, though seeking to do thee harm, he has in reality benefited thee. Hold firmly to the belief: God directs everything for the best. No matter what man, in envy, in anger, in hatred, or in folly, plots against man, he can do no harm, if such be not God's will. Here and there a man is allowed to see the problem of his existence solved in his lifetime, and then he may exclaim with Joseph, "Ye thought evil against me, God meant it unto good." In most cases, however, we never receive any light on the subject, but grow old, remembering in bitterness the injuries that our fellowmen have done us. But it is our firm belief that there, where all errors vanish; where the spirit is entirely freed from earthly dross; where the truth shines forth in brightness—there the ways of Providence will become clear; there shall we recognize that the happiness and the salvation of mankind are not promoted by the good, the wise and the upright alone, but that all men assist in the work—the good because of such is their desire, and the foolish and the malicious, because they must.

Grandma Flora's Stories for Children*

How Ethel Earned the Money to Buy Her Mamma's Sewing Basket.

Copyright, 1904, by Flora Spiegelberg.

I am only a little girl seven and a half years old, but I can read and write fairly well. My good Grandma Flora has helped me spell the big words and write this story for my little friends.

I often heard my dear mother say, she wished somebody would take pity on her, and give her a nice large sewing basket, with scissors, needles and thread, in which to put her work.

I determined to save up all my pennies to surprise my mother with a sewing basket on her birthday.

But, alas, where was a little girl like me to get so much money.

Thinking about it often during the day, and dreaming about it at night, one evening, softly, in my prayers I asked God to help me find a way to earn the money.

The next morning I confided my great secret to my dear old granny.

Offering to help me all she could, she presented me with a little iron savings bank.

Taking me up to my playroom, she showed me the untidy condition of my books and toys. My dolls were lying around half dressed. Their go-cart and carriage were pushed in a corner with the kitchen stove, the bed and the bureau, all the drawers of which were open. The pretty embroidered tablecloth was still on the table covered with the unwashed dishes of the dollies' tea party of the day before.

Feeling guilty and ashamed, I was

*By courtesy of *The Globe*, New York, 1905.

just about to offer some excuses when my good grandma said: "My dear Ethel, I know you feel very sorry for this great disorder. You are very anxious to earn sufficient money to buy your mother's sewing basket, I will give you five cents every week to put in your savings bank, if you will promise to keep your books, toys, and all in your corner of the playroom in order. But remember, I shall inspect it myself every day."

Delighted with such a kind offer, I kissed my dear old granny and started right off to put my books and toys in order.

The kitchen stove and bureau were put in their proper places. Bessie, dressed in her best frock and hat was seated in her go-cart ready to be taken to the park. With a clean nightgown and cap Dorothy was tucked away snugly in her little bed, while Marjorie with span clean apron sat up to a neatly spread table in her little chair.

It was real hard work the first time to put everything in its proper place, but afterward it was only play to keep it in order each day.

Finding I had so many books and toys, I gladly gave some to the children of our washerwoman.

To be truthful, several times I was almost tempted to spend my money for candy, but looking at my dear mother's face, a voice seemed to whisper in my ear, "Ethel, don't do it." Then away I would run and quickly put the money in the savings bank.

At last, after working patiently six months, I saved $1.20, just enough to pay for the sewing basket, as you will see by my little bill.

The basket was lined with pink silk and trimmed with ribbon bows. Fastened in the corners of the basket were a little pink silk heart-shaped needlebook, a pin cushion, and two small silk bags for tapes and buttons.

My mother was delighted with my birthday gift, and said it was "awfully sweet of me."

Grandma whispered in her ear how I had earned the money to buy it

Mother, taking me in her arms, hugged and kissed me, saying she hoped I would always be a "neat and tidy little girl."

Grandmother's Twilight Stories

By Edna F. Dessar.

"When I was young things were different," said grandmother, "girls were dainty and quiet, and boys were respectful to their parents and elders." Grandmother sighed as she thought of the present maners of children. "People were deeply, truly religious then," continued grandmother.

"Please tell me about your home." I said.

"We observed the holidays," grandmother said: "How well I remember how we observed the Sabbath Day. We never sewed or wrote or tore anything, or picked flowers or opened letters, nor telegrams either. We did no work and had no worldly pleasures. What a blessed, peaceful day it was. No scolding, tears or punishing, only smiles, kind words and rest. We tried to observe it in 'thought, word and action' as well as we could. We did not merely pray and then do some selfish act as some people do now. But do not imagine we were idle. In the morning we went to worship, and in the afternoon we read (no novels, we never were allowed to read novels), talked, had visitors or visited. If any of our friends were ill we went to see

them and brought them fruit or some dainty. We 'recalled our conduct during the past week and prayed for forgiveness and help.'

"During the week-days we never sat around idle as children do now. We had our daily tasks, and we knitted and crotcheted. We were not 'ashamed' then to play with dolls, rag dolls, or paper dolls that we made ourselves. Very little candy we saw in those dear old days. I remember a man used to come to see us once a year and brought me a small box of candied fruit. I kept it as a treasure and would often look at it and sometimes take a tiny bite. It lasted for about a year.

"We were taught to be kind to animals, and we had a black dog, called Playfellow, but we called it Play. We never caught butterflies or stole birds' eggs. We each had a small garden that we cared for ourselves. Mother kept one servant, and as the family was quite large we children had our share of dusting, etc., to do. We did all we could so that our dear mother would have that much less to do. She was always so busy and cheerful, and kind and patient."

"What good, model children you must have been!" I said.

"No, indeed, we could have done much more than we did and been much better," said grandmother, "but we did what we thought was right, except when we were naughty."

"Oh, were you ever naughty," said I, "please, tell me?"

"Not to-day, dear," replied grandmother, "your mother is calling you. Next twilight I will tell you."

Why Doggies have Cold Noses

By Uncle Birnbaum.

One afternoon King Solomon's magnificent deer-hound which usually used to lie at his feeet as he listened to the stories, was absent, owing to an injury to his head.

His absence was remarked by the occupants of the deer-house as well as by the wolves. For they knew the prowess of his kind, and never failed to notice the strong jaws and white teeth, which might well make any animal tremble at the sight.

"What's the matter with the royal dog, I wonder?" said Zeeb the wolf to Shual the fox.

"Eat too much!" was Shual's disrespectful answer.

"Don't believe you," was Zeeb's unceremonious and rude rejoinder. "The dog is a noble animal, except when he hunts us wolves, forgetting that we are his cousins!"

"What are you two talking about?" asked a rhinocerous.

"We're discussing the value of dogs," yelped Shual.

"If it wasn't for Mr. Dog we would none of us be here," observed rhinocerous.

"I know dogs helped to catch Shual and me," growled Zeeb, " but I didn't know they helped to get you here, too!"

"I don't mean that," declared Rhinoceros, "I mean that if it wasn't for Mr. Dog, we would none

of us be alive. We would all have been drowned at the time of Noah's Flood!"

"O tell us all about it!" "Let's hear it!" "Rhinoceros, give us the story!" came from different parts of the menagerie, as well as from all the birds.

Accordingly Rhinoceros emerged from his cosy corner back of his cage and advancing to the front so that everybody could hear him better, he began the story of Doggie's saving their lives, or

Why Doggies Have Cold Noses.

Long, long ago, when our ancestors were all with Noah at the time of the Flood, happened what I am going to tell you about. During the whole time that they were in the ark with that good man, they were conscious of a feeling of awe which kept them all quiet and subdued. They never roared, nor growled, nor made any sound, except on the one occasion when Ham cut off the lioness' mane and insulted us so grossly. They never gave any trouble; they never forgot the awful circumstances of their presence in the ark and what it was due to. They seemed to have their very natures changed, as if some supernatural fear was affecting them. Yet they were not exactly cowed; they were rather awed.

It happened that my ancestor, whose place in the ark was near the elephant and hippopotamus, happened to lose his footing and slipped. As he fell, his nose-horn pierced the side of the ark. He had an outside berth or stall, so that the side of the ark was the outer wall of his stall, and just that side he injured. He fell with such force that he could not pull his horn out of the wood. He tried and tried, but at last, he snapped his horn clear off! He had had two horns, now he had only one. That is why some of us to this day have only one horn, and others of us have two horns on our noses. He left the broken horn in the hole, and it was well he did so, otherwise the water would have poured in through the opening and would have drowned us all.

But in pulling his horn before it broke off, in swaying it first this side and then that side in his efforts to loosen it and pull it out, he had somewhat enlarged the aperture, so that a very little more twisting and turning would really have freed his horn. And in point of fact, if it hadn't been for a lurching of the ark, due to such heavy animals as the elephant and the hippopotamus running to see what was the matter, and to see if they could help him, Rhinoceros would have actually succeeded in pulling the horn out instead of breaking it off. It was the last mad effort to get free before elephant and hippopotamus, whom he heard coming, should see him in such a ridiculous position, that snapped off his poor appendage! Of course Elephant and Hippopotamus only meant to help him in a friendly way. But sometimes our friends with the best intentions, are the means of injuring us. This was one of those times. There was no help for it, however. There was the horn, sticking in the wall, and many an animal went

to see the strange sight and offer condolence to my saddened ancestor.

While some of them were talking to him, the monkey came; and not noticed by the larger visitors, Mr. Monkey slipped behind them and began playing with the horn. He soon found that he was not strong enough to pull it out, but he did loosen it a little more. He determined to try again during the night when everybody was asleep, for he thought it would be a grand thing for him to possess such a beautiful ornament and useful weapon. Maybe he would be able to stick it on his own nose, and maybe it would grow there, and maybe all monkeys would have a horn on their noses ever afterwards, and maybe it would be of very great use to them. What a lot of "maybes!"

He left the stall with the other animals, profuse in his sympathy which he repeatedly professed to my ancestor who, upset by the occurrence, and wearied by the reception of so many animals, grunted his acknowledgments, and was soon asleep.

He slept soundly and did not know anything about what was happening almost under his nose.

Through his own and the monkey's efforts, the water had found a way to ooze in just a little bit under the horn which, as I have said, was still stick-in the hole.

Drop by drop it entered and trickled down the wall to the floor. Then gradually it found its way to the door of his stall, then into the passage, then down a step at the bottom of which it formed a puddle. Presently this puddle began to overflow, and drip, drop, drip, drop, it fell into a lower passage, just close to where doggie was sleeping.

Doggie soon woke up at the unusual sound and listened!

Drip, drop! Drip, drop! Drip, drop!

He scrambled to his feet, realizing something terrible was happening.

Drip, drop! Drip, drop! Drip! Drop—and suddenly it came more quickly. He found his feet were wet, and it flashed upon him that water was coming in the ark and all would be drowned!

Should he call Noah?

Suppose there was no time? Should he send Mrs. Doggie? He hardly knew what to think. As he afterward said, when giving his account of the affair, he hadn't time to think.

He leaped up the steps to the upper passage, jumped plump in the puddle, mounted the steps, put his nose in the water to feel which way it was flowing, and followed the stream until to his wonderment, he found it came from Rhinoceros' stall. In an instant he bounded into it. He caught sight of my ancestor sound asleep, but he caught sight also of the miserable monkey cowering in the corner, holding in his paws the broken horn which it had at last succeeded in pulling out.

He was a picture! He was alternately balancing the horn on his nose, with a smirk of satisfied vanity, as if trying to make it stick there, and gazing with a frightened look at the water

now pouring through the hole as a result of his mischief!

Meantime Mrs. Doggie woke up and finding herself wet, went sleepily to a dry place, and thinking Mr. Doggie had probably done the same, she curled herself up and slept on!

Doggie did not wait to look at the monkey a second time. He realized the danger and made one dash for the hole, into which he stuffed his nose, though he had to stand on his hind-legs to reach it. He thus stopped the flow of water

Monkey sneaked away, holding the horn on his nose, and Rhinoceros slept on, in blissful ignorance of everything.

It was impossible for Doggie to call for help, for he could not, or would not take his nose out of the hole. Indeed he knew he could not wake Rhinoceros, who couldn't hear his own snores. "How then," thought Doggie, "can he hear my barks?"

And it would certainly be impossible to wake Elephant and Hippopotamus, the nearest animals, for they were equally heavy sleepers. He reflected that he had only arrived in the nick of time, and that if he wasted even two minutes to call other animals, he might not awaken them to the danger. They probably would not understand him for another minute or two, for they would be too sleepy. Meantime the Rhinoceros' stall would be filled with water and become impassable, while Rhinoceros — thick-skinned animal that he was—would never feel the water until too late!

As for running for Noah or Shem or Japheth, that was no use. For they lived at quite the other end of the ark and Doggie would want at least three minutes to find them, and then three more to bring them! It was not to be thought of! And Ham was locked up. So he could not be summoned.

No! There was nothing to be done but keep his nose there in the hole, until somebody should see him and tell Noah or one of his sons. Brave, noble Doggie kept his nose firmly pressed in that dreadful leak!

How cold the water was! Slowly, very slowly passed the hours of that long night!

How cold the water was! Brave noble Doggie kept on!

How cold the water was!

What a long night it was! Would dawn never come?

How cold the water was! Dawn at last appeared!

How very cold the water was!

Brave, noble Doggie held on; his hind-legs were stiff through the strain of standing and pained him exceedingly. But he hung on by the tip of his nose and that helped him to bear the strain on his legs. Only his nose got colder and colder until at last it was chilled through. It became numbed, so much so, that he could not feel the hole in the side of the ark. But he knew that the hole was there, and every time he thought how the water would rush in if he moved, he pressed his nose in hard, hard, hard!

Presently a faint gleam of dawn found its way down among the ani-

mals and birds, and chanticleer woke with a start and as usual, greeted the coming day with a loud "cock-a-doodle-do!" as much as to say, "A new day has come! Wake up, you! See what great things I'm going to do-o-o!"

The birds soon woke and then the animals, except the heavy sleepers, such as my ancestor, and friends elephant and hippopotty.

Among them that woke was Mrs. Doggie.

At first she couldn't remember how she came to be out of her usual resting-place, but she presently remembered; and then wondering where Mr. Doggie was, she got up, yawned and thought she would go and seek him. She went to their regular nook, found water there but no husband.

She thought it strange to find water in such a place and something told her that her husband had something to do with it. There was not much water left by now, for it had flowed off here and there; and no more, thanks to Doggie's nose, had entered through the hole.

She walked along the wet board, and in less than a minute was over the puddle, or the remains of it, and in the upper passage. Running on in her increasing anxiety she came to Rhinoceros' stall, and there through the open door she saw her beloved husband, to her intense amazement, standing on his hind-legs.

"Oh, you needn't hide yourself and pretend you don't see me!" she cried.

All the answer she got was a feeble wag of Doggie's tail.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself to be out all night instead of being in bed where you ought to be?" she continued. And Doggie wagged his tail!

"What are you doing in another animal's stall? Do you hear me talking? You may well be too ashamed to look me in the face!" she yelped, getting more and more angry. And Doggie wagged his tail!

"Come away and come where you belong!" she barked at last, losing her temper. And Doggie wagged his tail.

"Are you crazy? Is that all you can do? I'll show you!" she barked out and she jumped over my ancestor who was dreaming sweetly, to judge by the smile that hovered round his lips. And Doggie wagged his tail.

Mrs. Doggie in another instant was at his side and was about to butt him when he managed to draw his nose out of the hole just far enough to allow him to open his mouth sufficiently to give a whining sound which certainly meant pain.

Now Mrs. Doggie was not really bad hearted. She saw that something was wrong. She quickly noticed that water had come through the hole the minute Doggie had moved his nose, and like all ladies she jumped at a conclusion. It was that Doggie was keeping the water out! She leaped over Rhinoceros to the door, to rouse other animals to the rescue. She bounded along the passage.

In a minute there was intense excitement. But Rhinoceros dreamt on sweetly, his half-parted lips betokening his innocent nature.

The other animals, except elephant

and hippopotty, rushed to the door of my ancestor's stall, while Mrs. Doggie raced onward to call Noah, Shem and Japheth. They came, too, in very few minutes, and at once the mystery was cleared up.

The lion gave my ancestor a mighty push. The sweet dreams were dispelled and the smiles of innocence hovered no more o'er his lips. He rose, and seeing the crowd of animals, had hardly time to thank them for coming so early to inquire after his health, when he perceived Noah, Shem and Japheth.

He knew at once that something serious had happened.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Noah, pointing to Doggie.

And Doggie wagged his tail!

Rhinoceros, my ancestor, turned round, saw poor Doggie, remembered the hole, missed the horn that ought to have been in it, and answered:

"If it please you, I fell against the wall yesterday; my horn went in it, and broke off as I tried to pull it out. It remained in the hole. It is no longer there. Doggie's nose is. I do not understand it!"

While he was speaking Shem helped Doggie down and stuffed part of his robe in the hole, while Japheth quickly cut out a piece of wood from the door lintel, shaped it, and with Shem's help, fastened it in the hole where Shem held it while he ran to fetch some nails and pitch to keep it there and make it water-tight!

And Doggie?

Poor Doggie!

He had fallen down, through stiffness, and lay as if dead. He could not speak. So again he wagged his tail. Noah sent for warm water and directed some of the animals to rub his legs. They did so, and in time, the stiffness was rubbed out, and he was able to tell all he knew about the matter.

Just then the monkey entered.

"If you please, Mr. Noah," he said, "I take pleasure in presenting this horn to Doggie, as a mark of our appreciation of his conduct!"

"How came you by my horn?" demanded my ancestor.

Monkey hung his head.

"You stole it! You took it out of the hole! You let the water in! You endangered our lives! And then you have the impudence to pretend to be our spokesman to thank Doggie!" indignantly exclaimed Shem.

The look on each animal's face showed how all despised him. For days they would not even speak to him, so that he felt so unhappy that he began to live with the birds. That is why monkeys to this day live in trees.

"Doggie," said Noah, "faithful, noble, brave Doggie, thou art man's friend! Henceforth thou shalt be our companion. We owe our lives to thee!"

And Doggie wagged his tail.

But his nose had been so long in the cold, cold water that it remains cold to this day.

And that is why all doggies have cold noses.—*Shearith Israel Review.*

LIFE'S SONG.

Our lives are set to music like a song;
In youth the strains move merrily along;
Under blue skies bright sunbeams dance and play,
And all the song is glad, the heart is gay.

The music swells, the notes sound strong and clear,
Until a minor chord steals in some ear;
And by our side the Teacher patient stands,
While we shall touch the keys to train our hands.

He listens to hear music soft and sweet,
When shadows gather dark around our feet;
Each separate strain is by His wisdom planned
Who knows our lives and best can understand.

And if some day our waiting hands lie still,
And we must count a rest—it is His will;
Perchance the music may still sweeter be,
Like a deep river flowing to the sea.

We will not mar the beauty of the song
By sighing when the day seems dark and long,
But patient bear our part life's little day,
And hope until the last note dies away.

JULIA E. ABBOTT.

Hillel and Shammai

FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. M. JOST.

Whilst Herod on his throne was trying hard to annihilate Judaism, two men, in the seclusion of scholastic life, were effectively engaged in preserving it, of which the Idumaean tyrant had not the least foreboding. Hillel, who could trace his ancestry, which had remained in Babylon after the exile, as far back as David, came to Jerusalem in order to study law, and became the most ardent disciple of Shemajah and Abtalion. He at the same time had to struggle with the most abject poverty, and from the pittance he earned as day-laborer half went to pay for admission to the academy. One day—it was on the eve of Sabbath and in the midst of winter—he could not find work, and having no means he was unable to pay the usual fee and was therefore refused admission to the academy. In order, however, not to miss the discourse, he climbed from outside one of the windows of the school-room and there placed himself to listen to the instruction. Here the cold soon benumbed him, and during the night a heavy snow-storm covered him with snow three feet deep. The two teachers entered the hall in the morning and Shemajah said: "Brother Abtalion, it is here very dark and the heavens seem to be cloudy." But they soon perceived a human being sitting in one of the windows and exclaimed: "Indeed he deserves that, on his account, one may venture to violate the Sabbath!" Whereupon they took him down, placed him before the fire, and tried every expedient to restore him to life. The stranger, until now but

little known, was soon to become one of the foremost in their ranks. Shemajah and Abtalion were no more. By the executioner's axe of Herod many hundreds of learned men breathed their last or were frightened away into strange countries. And it came to pass that the eve of Passover happened on a Sabbath, owing to which the question arose whether the Pesach-offering abolishes the order of the Sabbath or not. Hundreds of thousands had come to Jerusalem for the festival, but the Synhedrion were at a loss to solve this pungent question of the day. Then Hillel arose and decided the question in the affirmative, proving the correctness of his decision not only by certain precepts according to the interpretation of Holy Writ, but also by appealing to the traditions of his teachers, Shemajah and Abtalion. In consequence of this occurrence Hillel was chosen president of the Synhedrion.

Hillel, far from being proud of the high dignity thus conferred upon him, felt rather dissatisfied on account of it, and began to reproach the members of the Synhedrion: "What could have caused the appointment of an insignificant Babylonian to the presidency of the Synhedrion but your inactivity in not paying proper attention to the instructions of Shemajah and Abtalion?" Besides Hillel, Shammai's efficacy must also be mentioned. He was just the counterpart of Hillel, and yet a necessary complement to the same. Hillel's predominant character consisted principally in that cordial, dove-like meekness which never permitted the ebullition of ill temper, even for a moment, to gain the mastery over his mind; that thoughtful philanthropy which arises from one's own humility and the favorable judgment of others, and lastly that calmness which emanates from the deepest confidence in God, and in the face of approaching misfortune always remains steadfast. In later times no more perfect ideal of charitableness and modesty was ever known than the Babylonian Hillel.

His liberality knew no bounds, showing the utmost delicacy not to shame the receiver, but to respect him rather, according to his station in life. He esteemed the doctrine of Judaism so highly that he felt excited when he saw the same misused in becoming the means for satisfying ambition and greediness of fame. The same as Hillel was, on account of his great virtue, taken as an ideal by those who came after him, in the same manner he was considered next to Ezra the spiritual restorer of the Jewish doctrine, who saved it from the decaying condition it was placed in. The attachment which the people showed him extended even to his descendants; the presidency of the Synhedrion was ever since hereditary in his house, and it has continued to maintain this dignity during four centuries.

Of Shammai's biography but little is known. He was for certain a Palestinian, and therefore took a sincere interest in all political and religious complcatons of his native country. His religious views were very rigorous, but he was nevertheless of no morose, misanthropic temper, urging rather to meet everybody in a friendly manner, as shown by the motto preserved of him: "Make your occupation with the law your chief object, speak little, but perform much, and receive every one with a friendly air."

Each of these two members of the Synhedrion, Hillel and Shammai, formed schools of their own (Bet-Hillel, Bet-Shammai), both of which proved of great influence and importance.

Choice of Pearls

Compiled from the Arabic by Solomon Ibn Gabirol.

Translated into Hebrew by Rabbi Jehuda Ibn Tibbon, and from the Hebrew into English

By Rev. B. H. Ascher.

The following are taken from a volume published in 1859. In a preface the translator from the Hebrew into English says:

"For the preservation of the maxims and gnomics of the Orient, which I venture to introduce to the public in an English garb, we are indebted to the spirit and emulation of the world-renowned poet and philosopher, Rabbi Solomon Ibn Gabirol. Initiated in the classics of antiquity, versed in Arabic lore, wisdom and belles lettres; elevated, refined, and enriched by the creative spirit, imagination, and lofty inspiration of the prophets and the Hebrew sages; enlightened by the genial philosophy of Aristotle, Ptolemy, etc., which he strove to engraft on Hebrew literature, and which tended to enlightened man, and to arouse his energies; the spirit of Gabirol taught, gladdened, and edified mankind.

The Arabs cherished a fondness for laconic gnomic sentences, and, at an early period, when their literature was in its Augustan splendor, prepared elaborate and extensive collections of maxims and sentences, which they selected from Greek and Roman authors, as well as from the writings of their own sages. General knowledge, universal culture of arts and sciences, then flourished in a high degree amongst the Mahometans, under the dominion of the Caliphs. In every direction, in practical as well as in speculative science, the Arabs of that period were the foremost in the field. The Hebrews under their domain, who were very numerous and influential, did not only emulate the noble example of their neighbors in cultivating science, arts and learning, but they also became the media and connecting link between Asia, Africa, and Europe. Their literary productions of that age bear the impress of deep research, and evidence efforts to bring the Bible and the Talmud in harmony with universal knowledge and secular science. A desire was then prevalent amongst our brethren, to uphold and cherish a feeling of brotherhood and universal love between nation and nation. Supineness and indifference had then no hold on the minds and hearts of our brethren.

To the gnomic literature, properly so called, belong pre-eminently the larger ethical collection of proverbs, even when the particular sentences are woven into one continuous work. Nothing in the Arabic language belonging to that period is known, except the "Choice of Pearls," by Solomon Ibn Gabirol, about the year 1040.

CHAPTER I.

WISDOM.

The sage says, Wisdom is the means by which the wise thoroughly evince their gratitude towards their Creator; by which they become his true worshippers during life, and obtain a good name after death.

Nothing, says he, tends so greatly to render the intellect acute as instruction and wisdom; nor anything more calculated to manifest true knowledge, than good conduct.

The questions of the wise are indicative of wisdom; affability towards mankind denotes intellect; and economy is equivalent to half subsistence.

Who is the most fitted to rule? The wise man who has succeeded to power and dominion, or the king searching after wisdom.

The wise and the just should fear no man; for the pious fear none but God.

The means of obtaining wisdom once neglected, are irrecoverable; but wisdom leans to those who seek her.

He who strives after wisdom and morality, strives for a diadem of golden words and sublime expressions, woven by the poet to deck the brow of his dearest and most deserving friends.

The pursuit of wisdom arrests the commission of iniquities, and inclines man to despise this transient world, and to love the everlasting one.

The sage was wont to say, Wisdom is incompatible with the banquet and the revel—her presence is not welcomed there.

He whom the Creator has endowed with wisdom will never be dismayed in trouble or distress; for the end of wisdom is peace and tranquility, whilst that of gold and silver is grief and vexation.

I do not vainly hope, said the sage, to attain wisdom in its fullest extent, but solely to escape the imputation of ignorance, a principle imperative on every rational being.

He also counsels his son not to be wise in words, but in deeds; for practical wisdom benefits man hereafter, whilst wordy wisdom extends not beyond this transient world.

He likewise enjoined his son to court the society of the wise: For, said he, they will award praise to thy knowledge; instruct thine inexperience; and their commendations will benefit thee.

He used to say, It is peculiar to the ignorant to be fettered by death,—wisdom must loosen the shackles.*

Wisdom excites us to activity, and activity induces wisdom; yet it is less unpardonable to neglect wisdom from ignorance, than to neglect it from disdain.

To the question, How he became wiser than his companions? He replied, Because, I spent more in oil than they in wine.

Man without wisdom, is like a house without a foundation.

He who is renowned for wisdom is regarded with respect.

Be silent, and thou are safe; be attentive, and thou wilt be instructed.

Nothing is more useful to a man, than to be conscious of his station, the extent of his wisdom, and power of perception; by these only must his words be regulated.

During the pursuit of wisdom man may be termed wise; but the conceit of having attained it, renders him a fool.

The most precious bequest is wisdom; for wealth is obtained by wisdom, but is forfeited by folly, to the inevitable sacrifice of all.

He who humbles himself in the quest of wisdom, will in turn be honoured by those who seek it of him.

Wisdom constitutes the noblest pedigree, and love the closest tie.

Kings judge the world, but the wise judge kings.

Wisdom is the delight of the wise —folly of the fool.

*Ignorance may be figuratively compared to the shackles of death.

Admirable is the deed crowned by wisdom, delightful is wisdom crowned by practice, yet more excellent still is practice decked by gentleness and grace.

There is no happier union than that of modesty with wisdom, and power with clemency.

Robustness and obesity are seldom the portion of the devotee to study and religion.

The wise man thus enjoined his son: Endeavour to be wise, to learn, and be attentive; neglect these and thou art undone

Scruple not to be enlightened on subjects of which thou art ignorant, so that thou be spared the blush of confessing thine own folly.

Know that the connexion of reason and faith is as that of the head and the body; for as the loss of the head necessarily entails that of the body, so does the loss of reason involve that of faith.

Man's worth is estimated according to his knowledge.

Let not the honour bestowed on thy wealth and power elate thee, for that honour vanishes when they disappear; but gratifying indeed is that honour elicited by wisdom, fear of the Lord, and morality.

The wise of the earth resemble the luminaries of the heavens.

It was asked of the sage: Who are superior, the wise or the rich? The wise, was his reply.

But why, objected the querist, are the wise more frequently at the door of the rich, than the rich at the door of the wise? Because, rejoined he, the wise know the value of wealth, whilst the opulent do not know that of wisdom.

The true believer only condescends to flatter when he pursues wisdom.

The first step to wisdom is silence; the second attention; the third memory; the fourth activity, the fifth study.

In the assembly of the wise be more disposed to listen than to speak.

God will bestow wisdom on those who truely revere him, and her outpourings wil be conveyed from the heart to the tongue.

He alone can be considered wise who possesses the following three qualities, not to despise inferiors in their endeavors to attain wisdom; not to envy those who are wealthier than himself; and not to barter his wisdom for lucre.

Seek wisdom even in the language of folly, but impart it unspairingly and with discretion, after the manner of the liberal.

Man's most estimable peculiarity is an inquiring mind.

He who seeks wisdom in the garb of bashfulness, will be enveloped in the attire of folly; let therefore the votary of wisdom divest himself of that garb.

Arrogance diminishes wisdom.

The wise man continues: Wisdom is ever found accompanied by diffidence and patience, and the interrogatories of the fool by meanness and pride.

Timidity is incompatible with hope, as is bashfulness with wisdom.

It is imperative on the true believer

to repair the loss of wisdom, even through the medium of the sceptic.

The sage recommended his son, to be untiring in the acquisition of wisdom; For though, said he, thou mayest be subordinate to some, thou will prove superior to others.

How degrading is folly in old age!

Impart learning to the ignorant, and receive it from the erudite; thus wilt thou acquire that of which thou art ignorant, and retain that which thou hast acquired.

Wisdom sought after in old age fades like letters traced in sand, whilst that obtained in youth may endure like characters engraved in stone.

Withhold knowledge from the unworthy, lest you wrong wisdom; refuse it not from the deserving, lest you wrong them; nor requite the wicked according to their wickedness, lest you forfeit the reward of your Creator.

Obedience consists in our promptitude to observe the commands enjoined on us, and in abstaining from things prohibited to us.

Poverty can never disgrace the wise man, nor will lust subdue him.

The sage who was once contradicted by an illiterate man, thus replied: Hadst thou been able to appreciate my words thou wouldst have acquiesced in them; or had I not penetrated thy meaning, I should have condemned thee; but though thy ignorance merit reproach, I who know thy folly acquit thee.

Wisdom lying dormant is like an unproductive treasure.

Wisdom may be comprised under the following two heads: the wisdom of the heart which is of real effect, and the wisdom of the tongue unaccompanied by deeds; the one is the most useful, the other causes man to incur the reproach of his maker.

Mankind may be classified thus: 1st. the learned man, who is conscious of his learning; he may be termed truly wise—of him shalt thou seek knowledge. 2nd. If learned, but unconscious of his learning, remind him of it (that he may not further forget it). 3rd. If ignorant, and aware of his ignorance, instruct him. 4th. But if ignorant, and assuming to be learned, he is a fool, dismsis him.

He used to say, Pretend not to that of which thou art ignorant, lest thine actual knowledge should be discredited.

No virtues lead to more felicitous results than faith in God, honour to parents, love to wisdom, and attention to moral instruction.

The fool is prone to impute his faults to others; the votary of moral improvement will freely confess his errors; but the truly pious and wise will endeavour to avoid either.

Be ready to accept truth from whomsoever it may emanate, even from inferiors.

He who would philosophize without wisdom, may be compared to an ass, which moves round a millstone, without advancing beyond it.

The sage observed, Pity the noble-hearted who has fallen; the rich that has become reduced, and the wise whose lot is cast amongst fools.

None deserves our pity more than the wise who has become subjected to the judgment of fools.

Cast not pearls to the swine, for they are valueless to them; intrust not wisdom to him, who cannot appreciate it; for wisdom is dearer than pearls, and he who seeks it not, is inferior to the brute.

The sage observes: The exhortation of the wise, unaccompanied by practice, falls on the heart as rain on stone; and he whose words are at variance with his deeds disgraces himself; hence, words which emanate not from the heart can never penetrate the ear.

We can only be sensible of the errors of our preceptors, when we have heard their doctrines contested.

On being asked, whether the acquisition of knowledge befits old age? the sage replied, If ignorance be a disgrace, then must learning be an ornament.

True dignity will never scorn the performance of the following four duties: 1st. To rise from his seat before his parent. 2nd. To wait upon his guest. 3rd. To devote personal attention to the state of his horses, equipage, and property, though he may have a hundred servants to do it. 4th. To respect the learned, so as to profit by their wisdom.

The society of the wise confers honour, that of the ignorant contempt.

Avoid the ignorant who feign piety, and the learned man who is sinful.

Seek wisdom with the avidity with which thou wouldst search for hidden treasures, for it is more precious than gold and silver.

My First Base-Ball Game

JOSEPH B. ABRAHAMS.

"Hi' there! you lazy! get out o' that hammock and join the game."

This remark was meant for me, on a certain sultry summer's afternoon several years ago, as I was quietly enjoying a book under a shady tree. I had never played baseball, and here was an excellent oportunity of becoming initiated into its mysteries.

Utopian visions of a great game, with its manoeuvres of pitching, catching, batting and the exhilarating delights of running from base to base, up and down the grassy knoll we boys had named "our baseball field," appeared before me. The thought of participating in the delightful sport struck me with such force that both the book and I fell out of the hammock.

"All right!" I shouted by the way of reply to about eighteen boys enclosed within a diamond-shaped path.

"D' you know how to play?" incredulously asked a friend.

"N—o," I answered, rather dubiously. "But I think I can easily learn."

On approaching the group I noticed a couple of youngsters measuring a club with their fists. The other boys were interested looking on. Unable to comprehend the cause, I stretched myself out upon the ground and watched the strange proceedings.

Presently there was a noisy shout of, "We're up! We're up!," a clamor of tongues; a rush across the field; and half the group commenced to arrange themselves along the corners

of the paths. In the excitement of the moment I thought I would be forgotten; but, before long a ball struck my ribs and a voice cried, "Your're up!"

I was dazed. Here was someone telling me that I was up, when to all intents and purposes I was lying down. I was puzzled for an answer.

"What do you mean!" I asked. "Did you say I was up?"

"Certainly you're up."

I looked up at him in surprise.

"Can't you see I am down?" said I.

"Smart, ain't you!" he drawled. "Aw—you're up an' that settles it!"

"What *do* you mean? Tell me," I persisted.

"Do you play with them?——Yes? ——Then you're up. Don't you understand? The side with whom you are to play is to have the first chance at the bat."

"O, I see," I exclaimed, rising and joining the others.

"Our side" played first, but before the fifth boy had the opportunity to play at the bat, the umpire announced that we had "three out," and we gave place to the other boys.

Owing to my inability to master the game, I was not permitted to "go to the bat" until the ninth and last inning. When the chance at last came for me to play, I lifted the so-called "bat" and soon I saw the ball flying toward me. I did as the others, and struck the air with full force. I turned to witness the effect. The boy behind me had safely caught the ball.

"One strike!" cried a half dozen voices instinctively.

"What!" I exclaimed indignantly, and dropped the heavy club to the ground. "Do you for a moment imagine you can impose upon me because I don't understand the game? Did I strike the ball? Now, tell me?"

From my point of view it was evident that I had cornered them. But in the name of George Washington and All-That's-True! every one of them exclaimed, "Who said you did?"

"There, there! see them trying to prove their innocence," I shouted.

The boys looked at one another and smiled.

"But it's one strike all the same," spoke up one of the boys.

"I guess you'd better keep quiet! I never touched the ball and you insist upon saying that I *struck* it."

"I didn't say you struck it,—I said you made a *strike*."

"Well, if you'r not the biggest fool I ever saw! First you claim I didn't strike it, and now you are contradicting yourself by saying that I made a strike."

"Did you miss the ball?" impatiently asked another boy.

"Certainly, I did."

"Well then, that's called a strike."

"How so? The dictionary says the word 'strike' means 'to hit,' and I never hit that ball."

"Oh, hang the dictionary!" he cried abruptly. "If you don't hit the ball, then it's called a strike."

I let him have his way. Harmless lunatics had better not be irritated, and should be left alone. If some fool chose to contradict Webster, I am sure, I am not to blame.

I was again hand to hand with the bat, and again the ball came flying toward me. At first I felt inclined to step out of its way so as not to encourage its striking me, but before I had time to act, the ball struck my bat.

"Run! run!" shouted the boys.

"Where to?" I asked excitedly, looking around.

"Stupid! to the first base, of course."

"There! quick!" cried a boy, pointing to a few stones.

I did as directed. Just then I discovered two stones piled on the "base," as they called it.

"Is this the first base?" I asked, exasperated.

"Why, of course it is," cried a number of voices at once.

"You make me tired," I exclaimed dejectedly. "This *is'nt* the first base. Why, there are *two* stones here, instead of one."

The boys laughed, and I looked on in despair.

The next boy who went up to the bat "struck," or rather hit the ball, and commenced to run towards me. But from the desperate expression on his face, I could not guess whether he meant to chase me or merely to make me leave my post. At any rate, I resolved to remain where I was. The other players, astonished that I gave no sign of moving from my position, screamed at the top of their voices:

"Run! run, you simpleton! Don't stand there! Run to second base!——to third! to third!——to home plate! make it a *home run! home run*!"

Disregarding the further shouts of the boys on the field, I made a desperate run for our cottage, snatched a plate from the cook's hands, and with a triumphant yell of victory rushed upon the astonished baseball players shouting:

"Here 't is! Here's the *home plate* you fellows were yelling so much about!"

By this time, the boys were holding their sides and rolling upon the ground. Their faces, red with convulsive laughter, seemed ready to burst.

"What's the matter with you? Are you crazy!" one of them at last managed to say.

I now began to see through the intricacies of the game. The "home plate" was not intended for the one in my hand; it was where the catcher stood.

"Why don't you call things by their names?" I demanded, fiercely.

"Because they *are* the right names," replied some one. "See here, you'll never understand the game unless you watch it. Who in the name of thunder told you to play in this game, anyway!"

It was the umpire, and I kept quiet.

Shortly after the game was *called* (I should have *called it nonsense, downright foolishness*). The umpire, who was always there when he was not wanted, announced that the side I played with had three out (As regards this statement, I am still under the impression that he had reference to the early part of the game when I had been struck with the ball. The velocity with which this missile flew at me caused three of my ribs to suspend their customary service. In other words, they were really "out").

But after all, *in dead earnest* (an earnestness that must have surely died away), I am convinced that baseball is a very good game, and a great deal of enjoyment can always be derived from it, more especially by one who does not understand it.

And I still do not understand it.

Talmudic Tales

By Hyman Hurwitz

XXXIV.

The Aged Planter and Hadrian.

The Emperor Hadrian passing near Tiberias, in Galilee, observed an old man digging a large trench in order to plant some fig trees: "Hast thou properly employed the morning of thy life," said Hadrian, "thou needest not have worked so hard in the evening of thy days."—"I have well employed my early life; and let God do what he thinks best," replied the man.—"How old mayest thou be, good man?" asked the Emperor. "A hundred years," was the reply. "What," exclaimed Hadrian, "a hundred years old art thou, and still plantest trees! Canst thou then hope ever to enjoy the fruits of thy labor?"—"Great king," rejoined the hoary headed man, "yet, I do hope; if God permit, I may even eat the fruit of these very trees; if not, my children will. Have not my forefathers planted trees for me, and shall I not do the same for my children?"—Hadrian, pleased with the honest man's reply, said, "Well, old man, if ever thou livest to see the fruit of these trees, let me know it. Dost thou hear, good old man?" and with these words he left him. The old man did live long enough to see the fruits of his industry. The trees flourished, and bore excellent fruit. As soon as they were sufficiently ripe, he gathered the choicest figs, put them in a basket, and marched off towards the Emperor's residence. Hadrian happened to look out of one of the windows of his palace: Seeing a man bent with age, with a basket on his shoulders, standing near the gate, he ordered him to be admitted to his presence. "What is thy pleasure, old man?" demanded Hadrian.—"May it please your majesty," replied the man, "to recollect seeing once a very old man planting some trees, when you desired him, if ever he should gather fruit, to let you know. I am that old man, and this is the fruit of those very trees. May it please you graciously to accept them, as a humble tribute of gratitude for your majesty's great condescension." Hadrian, gratified to see so extraordinary an instance of longevity, accompanied by the full use of manly faculties and honest exertion, desired the old man to be seated, and ordering the basket to be emptied of the fruit, and to be filled with gold, gave it him, as a present. Some courtiers, who witnessed this uncommon scene, exclaimed, "Is it possible, that our great emperor should show so much honor to a miserable Jew!"—"Why should I not honor him whom God has honored?" replied Hadrian. "Look at his age, and imitate his example." The emperor then very graciously dismissed the old man, who went home highly pleased and delighted.

XXXV.

The Same Things No Longer The Same, Under Altered Circumstances.

My author, in continuation, relates the following ludricrous story: —When the old man came home and exhibited the present he had received, the people were all astonished. Amongst the neighbors whom curiosity had brought to his house, there was a silly covetous woman, who, seeing so much treasure obtained for a few figs, imagined that the emperor must be very fond of that fruit; she therefore hastily ran home, and addressing her husband, said to him, "Thou son of a wretch, why tarriest thou here? Hearest thou not that Caesar is very fond of figs? Go, take some to him, and thou mayest be as rich as thy neighbor."—The foolish husband, unable to bear the reproaches of his wife, took a large sack, filled with figs, on his shoulders, and after much fatigue, arrived at the palace gate, and demanded admittance to the emperor. Being asked what he wanted, he answered, that understanding his majesty was very fond of figs, he had brought a whole sack full, for which he expected a great reward. The officer on duty reported it to the emperor. Hadrian could not help smiling at the man's folly and impertinence:—"Yes," said he to the officer, "the fool shall have his reward. Let him remain where he is, and let every one who enters the gate take one of the figs, and throw it at his face, till they are all gone; then let him depart." The order was punctually executed. The wretched man, abused, pelted, and derided, instead of wishing for gold, wished only to see the bottom of his bag. After much patience, and still more pain, he had his wish. The bag being empty, the poor fellow was dismissed. Dejected and sorrowful, he hastened towards his home. His wife, who was all the while considering how to dispose of the expected treasure — calculationg how many fine caps, gowns, and cloaks she would purchase, and contemplating with inward delight how fine she should look—how her neighbors would stare to see her dressed in silk and gold, most impatiently expected her husband's return. He came at last, and though she saw the bag empty, she imagined that his pockets at least were full. Without giving him the usual salutatioon, and hardly allowing him to take breath, she hastily asked him what good luck he had?—"Have patience, base and wretched woman," replied the enraged husband, "have patience, and I will tell thee. I have had both great and good luck. My great luck was, that I took to the emperor figs, and not peaches, else I should have been stoned to death: —and my good luck was, that the figs were ripe. Had they been unripe, I must have left my brains behind me."

Medrash Vayeekra Rabah.

The Beauties of Nature

Pause awhile, ye downcast and disconsolate tenants of earth! Raise your bowed heads and look upward! Behold the vast panorama which nature has spread out for your study and contemplation! If you look at the blue concave heavens over your heads, on a clear night, you will behold it bedecked with myriads upon myriads of sparkling gems, outvying in beauty the most resplendent coronet that ever adorned the head of any earthly potentate.

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork." If these are glorious, what must be the glory of Him who created them! What a magnificent temple for the worship of that Almighty Being "who stretcheth out the heavens like a curtain, and who laid the foundations of the earth that it should not be removed forever."

Look abroad over the earth. What a prospect is spread out before you! What an endless variety of configuration—hill and valley, mountain and plain, rivers, lakes, seas, cataracts are presented to your enraptured view! If you look over the illimitable ocean, and behold its heavings, its turbulences and ceaseless agitations, the mind is overwhelmed with awe and admiration at the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep! Look at the earth in the various changes of the seasons. Now it reposes for a while in the icy embrace of winter; now it is decorated with the verdure and flowers of spring; now it smiles in the luxuriance of summer; anon it is laden with the rich bounties of autumn, affording sustenance for every living creature.

Look up, ye desponding children of earth, to that kind and beneficent Father, whose watchful care is ever over you, and whose faithfulness is pledged to supply your every need. He opens His hand and supplies the wants of every living thing. Surely the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord! Let His wisdom and goodness fill your hearts with gratitude and love!

Some Helpful Thoughts

There is no more beautiful object in nature than the bow which God sets in the heaven in the day of rain, and which stands out in glowing relief from the dark background of heavily laden clouds. The rainbow is for us the divinely selected, the divinely instituted symbol of certain truths which God would have us keep in everlasting remembrance. It is at once a memorial—a pledge, a symbol. —*T. M. Morris.*

"Let thy prayer be work and work thy prayer,
As God's truth and love are everywhere.
And whether by word or deed thou strive
In Him alone thou canst be alive."

We are God's children, and he knows all our needs, and is ready to supply them for us as he sees is best for us. If earthly parents are glad to give good gifts to their children, our heavenly father is yet more eager to give good things to those who ask him.—*Christian Register.*

Reflect upon three things, and thou wilt not come within the power of sin: Know what is above three—a seeing eye, and a hearing ear, and all thy deeds written in a book.—*Ethics of the Fathers.*

Judge not thy neighbor until thou art come into his place.—*Ethics of the Fathers.*

"Alms given in secret; that is the charity which brings a blessing. What sweet enjoyment to be able to shed a little happiness around us! What an easy and agreeable task is that of trying to render others happy."

It is true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects for "constant dropping wears away stones; and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks."—*Benjamin Franklin.*

We ask thy peace O Lord!
Through storm and fear and strife,
To light and guide us on,
Through a long, struggling life:
While no success or gain
Shall cheer the desperate fight,
Or nerve, what the world calls,
Our wasted might,—
Yet pressing through the darkness to the light.
—*Adelaide Anne Procter.*

God calls us to duty, and the only right answer is obedience. Undertake the duty, and step by step God will provide the disposition. We can at least obey. Ideal obedience includes the whole will and the whole heart. We cannot begin with that. But we can begin with what we have. It is better to obey blunderingly than not to obey at all.—*George Hodges.*

A noble lady once asked Landseer, the famous animal-painter, how it was he exercised such a remarkable influence over dogs. "By peeping into their hearts," was Landseer's answer. It is the same with men and women. We can know them only by looking into their hearts. We can move them only by appealing to their hearts. This is an old truth but it cannot be too often emphasized, especially in these days when so much is made of the intellectual part of man.

A buoyant, vigorous, eventful life is always the most satisfactory and attractive. To be something and do something are highly laudable ambitions. No sensible person wishes to be a drone, a dullard, or a nonentity. —*Selected.*

A man who lives right, and is right, has more power in his silence than another has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music, and which, when touched accidentally even, resound with sweet music.—*Philips Brooks.*

I should count myself fortunate if my home were remembered for some inspiring quality of faith, charity and aspiring intelligence.—*Hamilton W. Mabie.*

In Lighter Vein

Fleeting Fame—"Who is that gentleman left quite alone in the corner?" "That's Spangle, the author. He is passe. He wrote the greatest book of the year, more than three months ago."

The man behind the white apron indignantly asserted himself. "I won't be ordered around as if I was a slave." he exclaimed. "I'm as good as you. It's no disgrace to be a waiter!" "Maybe not," said the dyspeptic guest, "but it's a disgrace to be such a waiter as you are."

"Do you not love" said the Cadaverous Boarder, "to explore the Unknowable? To wring from Chaos the secret of its Indwelling Entity?" "You just bet I do!" answered the stenographer, smiling sweetly, "Will you please pass the hash?"

First Super—"'Ow are you a-getting on in your profession, William?"
Second Super—"Fine! I've come to the front. I can tell you. In last year's pantomime I played the hind legs of the elephant. This year I am the fore legs."

The wife of a missionary in Mexico wrote home the other day that the only kind of tainted money to which she objected was that kind to which, as she contemplated the great needs of that region, she was obliged to apply the sad words, "'T'aint ours."

When a Scotch schoolmaster entered the temple of learning one morning, he read on the blackboard, "Our teacher is a donkey." The pupils expected there would be a cyclone; but the philosophic pedagogue contented himself with adding the word "driver," and opened the school with prayer as usual.

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